

A village with minikin people and houses is needed, streets with bushes and lawns. Cars and pets, traffic lights and loading ramps, stores with tiny lights inside.

Large millworking hands tenderly carve and arrange the pieces just the size of Little's teeth. His love for the tiny burns like the wind. He quits his job and sleeps beside his miniature land in the cold garage.

One day his wife stands in the doorway like a bomb and threatens to leave him, but he can't hear her now. And one night after she has gone he carves himself a tiny woman and moves her into the vacant apartment beside the tiny railway station.

His miniature village has no little problems with living, no illness, no organs or glands. There are no compromises or pressures to perform. It all stands in this frozen light of yesterday and tomorrow, a perfect stillness never meant to obtrude; until one night Little takes his knife and carves the life out of himself.

-- Larry Smith

Huron OH

SMALL-TIME FINANCIER

last month i sent in checks
for my master charge and bankamericard bills
on monday,

and my paycheck didn't get deposited until friday.

the bills cleared first,
and consequently i ended up in effect
charging my credit card payments
to my credit cards.

when the transfer notices started rolling in,
i felt a little like bert lance.

A COLONIST

We're drinking with the exchange student from England
and a young guy asks her how long she thinks
it will take to anglicize her accent.